

Desire Be, Desire Go. by thedaisychain

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Summary:

He unlocks his phone and scrolls to the top of the chat, and what he sees absolutely shocks.

Its Harrington

Billy's mouth runs dry. He examines the photo closer.

It's Harrington's dick.

1. Feel it Come

Billy's buying his kid sister juice when he feels his phone buzz. Which is like, ew, because who vapes anymore. It's like so gross to Billy, watching Max rip this huge tank. He'd offer to get her something better, something sleeker and more discrete, maybe even let her try his indica but she was adamant on using her mod.

He's in his car, white, brand-less, plastic bag in the passenger seat when his phone goes off for the fifth time. Billy sighs, takes out his phone from the back pocket, fingers all ready to type *Fuck off, I got blue raspberry. Just like you wanted.*

But instead he sees he's been added to a group chat with boys from the team. He unlocks his phone and scrolls to the top of the chat, and what he sees absolutely shocks.

It's Harrington

Billy's mouth runs dry. He examines the photo closer. It's Harrington's *dick*. Obviously a self-taken photo by the angle, his cock is hard in the photo, head wet with precome. And that's not even the strange part.

He's got his fingers splayed along the base of his dick and balls, a ring finger is teasing his entrance. He's actually huge. Okay, and Billy's heard of straight guys being into that shit, but this is *different*. This is King Steve, self-acclaimed pussy magnet. Billy believed that shit. Nancy, a beautiful girl, was in love with him, as if he was some sort of god. Hell, all the underclassmen Steve used to fuck with thought so too.

He looks in the details of the chat, Steves in there too. Not saying a word.

The fuck is this, Stevie?

Figured out his private library Password. It was his fucking birthday.

Quuuueerrrr

Ok now im grossed out

Billy reads the various responses. His thumbs twitch, debating on how to respond. He doesn't. More texts roll through.

Lets impeach him

Thats not Sir Steve. No way.

I'm dying. What the hell is that.

Billy starts up his car and heads back home, before Max can throw a hissy. But every stop sign has him going back to *that fucking photo* . Who was he sending it to? Why? His phone buzzes in the back of his pocket, and his stomach drops. It's Sunday. No doubt the kid's gonna be skipping tomorrow, how embarrassing. Keeps thinking about it.

Eats away at him until its midnight and hes looking at the picture and his cock twitches.

So be it, Billy thinks. It's hot. God, the picture was taken in broad daylight. Harrington on his sheets, door locked. Billy palms himself and groans into a pillow. Wonders if this makes him a pansy, too. Should he text him? Corner him in the back of the locker room, confront the bastard, ask if he's a crier. Bill hopes he's a crier.

The amount of guilt and disgust that washes over Billy that night when he comes thinking of fucking *Harrington* beneath him, squirming and moaning for Billy like a bitch is unreal. His boxers are soaked, and when he peels them off he's met with the smell of arousal and wet. He showers, but that doesn't rid the awful, spent, satisfying feeling one gets after they jerk off.

What is he going to do.

Its one. The groupchat has finally stopped. Most of them bored with teasing the guy already. Billy knows that after a while they'll all just force themselves to forget about today. Because in reality, nobody cares that much. But they'll know. They'll talk about it behind Harrington's back when he fucks up. Look at him different.

But not Billy, Billy won't forget. In the middle of playoffs, Harrington covered in sweat and hair plastered against his forehead, he'll wonder if he looks the same choking on his cock.

2. Back and Forth

Notes for the Chapter:

Porn isn't my best suit. Be warned.

Also the grammar and capitalization in this is absolutely horrid so if it bothers you a lot feel free to offer to beta!

"Harrington," it finally comes out, like a threat, yet a whisper. He doesn't realize he's even called for him, until the kid is turning around, doe eyed and sweaty. He looks terrified. Like he's been anticipating this moment all week. Billy revels in it.

And if Billy were nice, he'd cut the kid a break. He's been real quiet lately, rumor has it he's claiming it's not him in the photo. Which is pathetic, actually.

And if that were the case, Billy would be pretty disappointed. But he knows that's him. Can tell by the awful Pinterest duvet only a Harrington could have an eye for. And it's not like Billy's been analyzing the shape of Steve's fingers and knuckles just to confirm it for himself, remind himself that that's real, that's really Harrington with his fucking fingers up his own ass. Not at all.

Billy's not nice.

"Good job today."

Steve blinks because, Billy never tells him good job. But relief washes over him at the same time. Happy to be at the place they were before this all happened. Back to normal. Sarcastic, venom laced remarks thrown at one another. He scoffs, "Good job. Yeah *thanks*, Billy. You too."

"Nah I'm serious," Billy shrugs, tearing off his penny, "just take it. Mean it this time."

Harrington stares, confused, shutting his locker, "What do you want?"

And like that's the million dollar question, because what doesn't he want. Feeling courageous, "Want you to know that I know."

Steve's stomach drops to the floor, there it is, finally, what he's been trying to avoid. he stutters, eventually lands on, "Told you guys he's lying-"

"Then how come he sent me a photo with your face in it, Harrington?" Billy lies through his teeth. Prays it works.

And it does, because the kids face is red, and hot, and like he's gonna fucking cry.

And like, good.

Billy tries to push the fact that there are more equally hot photos on Steve's phone away, and pries even further.

"Who're they to?" Billy asks, trying to make it seem casual, pretends to zipper up his shit, acting busy. He keeps his voice low, certain coach is lurking, somewhere. God, even he knows. Everyone does. Saw the lunch ladies eyeing up Harrington earlier. And not in the, *I'm not gonna charge that handsome young man*. Kinda way. But the disgraceful sort.

"Nobody." Steve is staring blankly at the ground, "swear."

Billy turns to look at him, "Bullshit. You that much of a narcissist? Picture yourself all slutty because you look pretty, Harrington? You like that shit?"

Steve shrugs a little, embarrassed. He turns frustrated, "God, if they were to someone, why would I tell *you* of all people. You're the most sick, hateful dumbass I know. I'm surprised you haven't like, murdered me yet."

And he's leaving. Like that. Steve is out the door and into the winter cold before Billy can even let that sink in, because *ouch*. And he's following him, because *no*, this isn't over yet. Billy hasn't gotten what he wanted.

"I believe you," he calls out. Grabs Harrington by the sleeve of his denim-Sherpa jacket, "Stevie, I believe you," he says a little softer, attempts to be convincing. Will say *anything* if he'll just stay a little longer, see how this goes.

Steve is prying his fingers off of him, "thank you," he says pointedly. The tips of his ears have started to pink. He squeezes his gym bag a little tighter, knuckles going white, trying to face the cold.

"Wanna know something? Make you feel a little better."

"What." He's getting impatient, pinching the bridge of his nose and shivering as a fresh snow starts.

This is it.

Billy smiles, wickedly, pauses a little, licking over his own canines before he states, "Fuck, baby, I *love* it, shithead, that picture of you. Been jerkin' my dick to it."

And it's the first time he's really, fully admitted it. Without an ounce of shame. Dying to see his reaction.

Steve looks like a deer caught in headlights, "You're serious."

Billy backs up towards the door of the gym locker room, "Serious. Thinking about it right now, Harrington. You know. If it weren't for that finger up your ass, everyone would'a praised you 'cause you've got that monster between your legs. All the guys are jealous, won't admit it."

"Thank you?" He questions and he looks terrified. Like Billy's gonna turn into a creature and just eat him alive. But he isn't running away. Billy just admitted that he gets off to him, and he's not blowing his rape whistle. It's a start.

"It's my pleasure," Billy flashes a devious smile, "heard we got some new jerseys, Harrington. We should take a look."

It's pathetic, but it'll work. Can tell he's interested by the way Steve's boots kick at the gross ice salt on the pavement with his boots. Draws shapes, staring into space, not looking up. He's thinking. Billy cracks open the door back inside larger.

"Is this some sick joke?" He's still staring at his feet.

"I'm fucking freezing Harrington, I'm looking. Goodnight. Have fun." He rolls his eyes and turns around. Does it extra slow. Doesn't care if he's obvious.

Like music to his ears, he calls after him, "Billy, wait up."

Harrington nearly had him for a second, actually had him thinking that he was gonna turn around, drive home like he didn't want it, only to regret it later. Nearly.

Five minutes pass, and miraculously he now stands, hot head pressed against the cool red metal of the lockers, legs spread and Billy fitted perfectly behind him, dick digging into Harrington's ass. He groans, his fingers play at the hem of his tee shirt, itching to get it off, "*Billy*."

And Billy could just drown in that, could drown in this too, the sight of Harrington, teeth working at his bottom lip, so pink. His brows are knitted together and he peers at Billy through strained eyes, he repeats it, "*Billy*, c'mon."

Like, okay, he should move, but he stays put an extra second. He moves slightly so that Harrington can turn around to shed his shoes, socks, shirt, and jeans. And he's kind of staring until he does the same.

He sits down on the wooden bench and lets Harrington straddle him. Grabs his ass and pulls him forward and Harrington throws his head

back. Billy tilts up, grazes the guy's collarbone with his lips and whispers something filthy into his skin. He feels Harrington twitch above him. Rakes his fingernails down his spine and sighs, "Couldn't stop thinking about it. Your mouth, your ass on me. Jesus Christ, drove me crazy. Wanna make you come."

"Course," He swallows, "Course you can, Billy. Fuck."

Steve peers down at Billy and starts to grind his hips slowly into him. Billy squeezes his ass hard to keep the growl bubbling up inside him at bay. His own cock is leaking, bad. And if they don't get started soon, there's no way in hell Billy's gonna get done all the fucked up things he wants to do to this guy right now, "Want-" Billy has to clear his throat, "want that mouth on my cock. Pull your hair. Wanna feel it- God. I wanna come in your mouth so bad."

Harrington smiles devilishly. Billy knows already that the kids got an oral fixation. *Always* has his goddamn fingers in his own mouth in class, chewing at his lips, his knuckles in boredom, "Heard those stories. 'Bout you going down on chicks after school in the parking lot. Everyone thought it was weird as fuck. Eating a girl out. But not you." And maybe why that's why so many of them absolutely flocked to Harrington. Cause he knew what to do with his mouth, cause he liked to make sure they came too. Because he lasted longer than 3 minutes, or maybe he didn't, and his cock made up for it.

Harrington flushes, because it's *true*. He peels himself off of Billy reluctantly, missing his warm body, and sink down in between his legs. He mouths at Billy's dick within his boxers and hums, "Can't say I never thought about this."

And that's surprising to Billy. Because if he's honest, he hadn't ever. Maybe subconsciously, the picture just surfaced his feelings towards Harrington, revealing them as lust and want, not hate and jealousy, "That right, baby? Been thinking about me filling you up? Been thinking of me pressing your face to the floor and putting you in your place? That's all you wanted, huh? Never tryna be mean to me. Just wanted me." Billy can feel his own dick throbbing against Harrington's fingers, and if he doesn't get his goddamn mouth all over it within the next ten seconds, Billy might die. So he shimmies

out of his boxers, he's wetter than he thought, there's an obvious sheen on his dick and he's pooling at the head. Harrington doesn't waste any time. Licks at the tip, his balls, runs his tongue along the base all slow. His throat gives slack as he goes down on him, he bobs his head a few times before pulling off all together.

"Want you to fuck my mouth."

Billy acts like he has to consider. Pets his hair and shrugs all *if you want*. And Billy does want. Billy needs. Harrington smiles, giddy. And it's so hot to Billy, how fucking eager and easy he is. It bothers him a little, a tell tale sign that the guys had practice, and lots of it. Wants Harrington to be his and his alone. Has him asking, "but no, seriously. who were those pics to?"

Steve sits back on his ankles, slightly annoyed, still he plays with Billy's dick absentmindedly as he talks, "I find it hot, watching myself, seeing myself in photos" he admits. He pauses before adding, "they sat on my phone for awhile. Only ever sent them to one or two people. Nobodies, really. Go to different school's like Western Catholic."

Okay, well that doesn't sit well with him. Billy makes a sound of disgust and with both hands grabs the back of Steve's head to guide him where he belongs, "Get to work."

His throat goes slack again, and Billy laces his finger through the long locks of hair and bucks up into the heat. Billy finds his gag reflex after a while and when Steve tries to escape, Billy only presses down on his head harder. It's only for a little, but still, has Steve pushing off and gasping for hair, tears near streaming down his face. His mouth is red, so red and abused with spit running down his chin and if Billy weren't so fucking close he'd have half a brain to rush to his phone and snap a photo because it's plain beautiful. Wrecking him like this, "Take me so well."

"Wanna try something," Steve says. Sheds off his own underwear finally. And it's at least two inches bigger in person. When he stands up to straddle Billy again it bobs up and down, not even being able to support itself. And Billy feels his throat as so empty all of a sudden

and wants to just get a taste of Harrington. That can wait, however, because the kid is bucking up, grinding their cocks together. And it feels so *good*.

“Who said I’m getting you off?” Billy muses, panting.

“Me,” he says before a disgusting moan. Throwing his head back in bliss.

“Such a brat,” Billy growls, “have’ta teach you a lesson, Harrington. Gonna fuck you someday. In the gym one night, after practice. Stadium lights on. *Fuck*, Princess. Won’t be able to move after I’m finished.”

Steve just gives him a look that says, *promise* ? Presses their sweaty foreheads together and just grunts, hips working faster.

“Gonna come for me, Stevie?” He licks his palm and grabs what he can of both of their dicks.

“Yeah,” He wheezes, “yeah, I am. Talk to me, Billy. Love it.”

And that’s all he needs to go babbling off, looks wolfish before grazing the shell of his ear and whispering, “been planning this for *days* . How I’d get you here, on my dick, whining like my bitch in heat, and here you are.”

Billy swallows and tightens his grip on Harrington's hip, opens his mouth to go off again before Steve's declaring, "First day you came here, Nance sucked me off after school in the bathroom stall. Shot my load to the picture of your hands around my neck. Woulda let you have me since day one. Too busy being *jealous*. All yours."

"Fuck, that's so hot," gasps, "so sorry left you hangin', baby. Just ring me next time. Down to dick you anytime, mean it. Leave your mattress *soaked* and *rotting* by the end of the week."

And he means it. Billy's never been so fucking horny in his *life*. Not even when he was sixteen and popping boners during sex ed. Billy almost presses their mouths together at that moment, shoves his tongue down Harrington's throat to claim him.

Too far.

"Fuck, Billy. I'm coming," Steve is in the crook of his neck, bottom half of his body convulsing. Billy revels in it, watching as his hand is covered in the guys come. Pets his hair, easing him through it and wipes it on the guy's stomach when he's finally done shooting his load, which is thick, and milky. Billy is so fucked out, his brain is telling him to *eat it*. He pushes the temptation away.

"So good for me, Princess," Billy states. Uses his body still as Steve is loose and warm, and comes himself. He oozes slow and steady like a volcano, and it just keeps *coming*, hits him like a freight train. He almost doubles over in the ecstasy of his orgasm.

They don't stay like this for long. Tired, sweaty, ready to go the fuck

to bed. And Billy feels *good* . Really good. Like he just hit the jackpot. He just got laid by Steve Harrington. Hawkin's Golden Boy. And that strokes the fuck out of his ego. Finds himself pinching Harrington's ass before he eases himself off, reluctantly, because it's now so *cold*. And their spunk is *sticky* , and *gross*.

But it was worth it.

They get dressed, and Billy expects things to get awkward. They don't. Harrington looks great with his after sex glow, walking around the locker room with a bare ass, collecting his clothes and combing his hair with his fingers. Billy feels himself getting hot, *again* . Has to get himself out of there, before his dad actually beats his ass. If he stays any longer, not sure if he's ever gonna leave.

Harrington's at half mast at most and Billy has to force himself to look away, shoves his shit away for real this time. Puts his air pods in, shuffles the first album he can find, and is out of there before Steve can button up his pants.

"Snap me," he calls out before he shuts the door.

Notes for the Chapter:

:p by popular demand.

I really hope this wasn't cringey.

See you next time.

Hopefully !

I'm @helluva-hannah on tumblr (my main)

And @hiharrington if you ever wanna talk (st side blog!)

Author's Note:

So I've been lurking in the Harringrove filthiness for a while and decided to crank something out in like 30 minutes so yeah it's prob really really bad and I apologize it's short just like my attention span